

# Bard

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# Bard

## CAPTURE RATIO

capture identity  
the *ratio of person*

what is fallen  
in love with

when it happens  
that wordless

analytic needs  
analysis

just the facts  
of ma'am or m'sieu

in with whom but why  
the love is fallen

at least here name  
the ratio the reason.

26 June 2003

Boston

## **NORTH OF HERE**

everything glosses  
a tongue to make  
merriment  
an old city  
small as it is  
and a red stone

curving staircase  
set deep inside  
an ornate recess  
in the façade  
of same substance  
red softly polished  
as if sandstone but

what a house  
a beauty in the street  
nobody knows  
anything about it  
in my dream but one  
man with me  
lives there and we climb  
until it gets too small  
for him, us modern  
people, large we are  
but what can we do,

what a man it was  
who made it

what an artist  
maybe his name Hitchcock  
sticks out of the dream  
who built the gorgeous  
life-enhancing house  
a piece of work  
in the glad ghost eye  
of a dinky city  
a hundred years of  
sheer people get  
thrilled instructed by  
doing no harder  
thing than walk by

another dream was licking the sunlight out of someone

and then knowing how silly *yeux bleus* sounds  
so we have to say instead *ses yeux sont bleu*

and in the quick  
kindling ears of waking  
I understand  
*yeux bleus* means люблю.

27 June 2003

Lindenwood. End of NB 255

## THE WORKERS ON THE TOWER

The merit of the place is our pale industry  
but whole belongs to the workers  
shirtless under common sun up there  
the Galician workers on the tower  
are specialists, dance on white wood.

Help me, no farm. Help me,  
long arm big anxiety. Close  
to the excitement of somebody  
really doing something, nothing  
more graceful than to do.  
Skill is what we mean by universe,

a boundless place  
quick skin and sudden wrist.  
Can that be politics?

2.

Ask me no honor.  
I submit to the posse  
over the hill arriving  
in my German accent  
driving wild horses.  
I am a book,  
spread me, you said,  
spread me wide,  
I like a book, you said,

lies wide open  
flat on the table  
like a world atlas  
or an album of Klimt  
reproductions, all  
gold and sex, love  
if it comes at all  
has to fall from the sky.

3.  
slow sourcing quiver  
searching lose a river  
find a friend

the end  
but this story  
is about glory

denying honor to the victim  
trial celebrates the criminal  
the justice *le journal*

someday we will cross  
through the giant wood  
of mushroom shafts

fallen, the endless  
archipelagoes of wheat  
falling from the apron of the sun

we will walk  
up to the altars of abundance  
heart of a wall

and find or found  
a velvet city there  
where we can know everyone at once

all a city is  
is knowing  
everything.

4.  
But faults wait  
like sunshine on your head  
illimitable *Dasein*

specimen cozy  
your heart fits in a cup  
wingless to fly

that is the purple  
motive here  
or sandarac or chrysoprase

pick a color lose an argument

5.  
So Miriam it's finally up to you

or about you  
as I first heard the messenger  
indicate,

it's your young body and  
everything  
you feel, it's your motivation  
to heal the world

no matter what it costs  
you'd give your skin  
the precious differences, even that  
perfect mind

you nurture as if it glowed  
inside you  
and it does but it is everywhere  
and you know it

in the water and in the wheat  
winter and bronze  
around you, because through your  
soft eyelashes

arriving clear the closest furthest  
star's own light  
to be your own, give it to me,  
all I trust

in this world is what your body tells.



6.

because you unborn are first and first  
and ever after is after after

because you are paradigm and idea  
and most all your sisters more or less

can sing that dance as well or almost,  
because there is in you a passion for reality

the real becomes holy  
when you take hold of it

and only after after  
do you let it fall.

28 June 2003

## FOUR THINGS

For things to be as close as they are

(four things)

the mirror has to be broken  
then each little piece of it  
will hold the whole

or as much of al  
as any one can see

(which four? The Four Last Things.  
And they are?

Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell the Christians say.  
Birth, Old Age, Sickness, Death the Buddhists say.  
*Che. Ga. Na. Chi.*

What we will always  
See in the mirror)

Things in the mirror  
it says in the mirror  
are closer than they appear

and when the mirror's cracked  
the things rush near  
no longer held  
at arm's length by sheer seeming

close close  
rush right up to your face  
to be born.

*Da bin i*, says Bruckner,  
trombone bellow, brass  
crash, *here I am!*  
shattering glass, brass  
sounding harder than horn,

here I am  
crying out the strangest things  
trying to wake you on a Sunday morning.

29 June 2003

## **AS IF ALL THE GIRLS ARE GONE**

As if all the girls are gone.  
Girls though come in waves,  
schools, shoals and then  
the ocean shivers and they're gone.

But the ocean is the same as everything.  
Things move around, get old,  
get new, turn young, turn tail  
and then one fine day the waves

are ripe with them again,  
time hurls them at your beach.

29 June 2003

## IN CZARIST TIMES

I wish they still spelled it Czar  
because he's more like a Czerny étude  
or a czardas than a tse-tse fly  
though he could be like a tsunami,  
Tsar Ivan was, I used  
to wish there could still be a Serbia  
as there was when my father was a boy  
and now look what happened.  
Yesterday the Turks destroyed them  
on the Fields of Kosovo,  
then yesterday the Serbs avenged  
themselves on Archduke Ferdinand,  
yesterday Milosevic went on trial,  
same day all these fragile years,  
theory of harmony, help, there's Princip,  
remembrance, murder. I should be  
more careful what I wish  
since desire is the mother of what happens.  
Of the real. Pray for wind, bird song,  
lots of money, rain, the South  
will rise again but the Indians  
at lost last wipe out the cavalry..

29 June 2003

## **A RUSH**

of things the  
heart beating  
as if anyone

could remember  
you if anyone  
could

then you  
also  
stopped taking notes  
the lecture  
on sex  
was over

no more notes  
no more remembering  
what the moment was  
was all there was

no more remembering  
I had shown you  
a way I didn't know  
I followed

what were you thinking  
a bird a bird  
had come

you only heard  
a branch creaking

closer than before  
we'd always  
but never after

a bird's own weight  
wooden strength  
to endure  
or crack  
under the least  
latest touch

however always  
as if waiting  
as if another  
could tell you  
heart attacking  
heart

everything beats  
creaks cracks  
notes knows  
teaches

a way of leading  
by coming after.

30 June 2003

## CHEMICAL WAKING

less state loss *stibium*  
hence Sb for antimony  
hence this and that  
around your eyes  
defining — making

sure eyes look always  
out of some dark place  
kohl we still say  
mask you Egypt

out of a dark place  
staring, we build caves  
out of thin air,  
cathedrals, lift  
the darkness  
up to God our single  
gift the one  
thing we understand  
a little, the dark  
from which our hunger  
glares wolf eyes  
at a yellow world

out of a dark place  
any can inherit  
legitimate design  
a bow



knotted tight  
in an invisible line

my ears are ringing  
like an antidote

no one to answer  
for me — the sound  
takes care of itself

a luteny a sprig  
of lean sounds  
plucked by hand  
from the heard

hedge clippers clatter  
chipping away what grows

identity  
I am a color  
only barely a sound  
color sound  
the princes waiting  
in their chariots  
arms cocked  
spear harriers  
a goddess drives them  
can you hear that  
lute in your ringing  
bell tower ears

a river roiling  
after rain a big  
bird like a gannet  
laughing her-her  
deep where it comes

write with a chisel  
said Basil  
but the speed  
changes

come to sea  
it all does  
will do

by the banks of Moyle  
took her to wife  
still feel the sleek  
virginity a lute  
fondled into music

the order  
is not in the fingers  
the toccata  
not in the touch

the chisel  
cuts time  
that hardest rock

it sped me to listen.

2.

Elizabeth Boyle

do you take

this man's

measure,

do you feel him

all his uncertainties

his radical

undependability

inside you

like coarse eager

fingers in you

finding the way

for bitter or music

in suchness and in void

forsaking all other

forsaking, taking

him or her to you now?

that is all

the parrot asks

ever, the pious

fowl of so

many colors

all we see as black

a greenish tinge  
of insolence  
around the mazzard  
a grackle luster  
to such music  
listen, do you,  
darlint, ever  
and every after  
take him,  
he is your misprint  
and you his or her OK?

caught in the grain  
of the river  
the flow of day

do you?  
don't worry you can  
tell me I am the truth  
broken into tunes  
like slivers of glass  
mirrors you can hear  
you can almost  
hum me later  
after

a wedding  
is endless  
yours could be  
the first tryst since Eden  
the first real marriage

snakelessly ever  
don't you get the feeling?

inside you  
get that feeling  
later endless

do you in him  
or her also ever  
every other?

aver,  
we all are here  
waiting the music  
to defer

we begin you  
ready or river  
bride tide  
all hours eaten.

30 June 2003